Will proue as bitter, blacke and tragicall,
Withdraw thee wretched *Margret*, who comes here?

Enter the Queene, and the Dutches of Yorke.

Qu. Ah my young Princes, ah my tender babes,
My vnblowne flower, new appearing sweet,
If yet your gentle soules flye in the ayre,
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
Houer aboue me with your aiery wings,
And heare your mothers lamentations.

Q. Mar. Houer about her, say that right for right
Hath dimd your infant morne, to aged night,

Qu. Wilt thou O God flie from such gentle lambes,
And throw them in the intrales of the wolfe:
When didst thou sleepe when such a deed was done?

Q. Mar. When holy *Mary* dyed, and my sweet sonne.

Dut. Blind sight, dead life, poore mortall liuing Ghost,
Woes sceane, worlds shame, graues due by life vsurpt,
Rest their vnrest on *Englands* lawfull earth,
Vnlawfully made drunke, with innocents blood.

Qu. O that thou wouldst as well afford a graue
As thou canst yeild a melancholly seat,
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here;
O who hath any cause to mourne but I?

Dut. So many miseries hath crazd my voyce
That my woe-wearied tongue, is mute and dumb
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reuerent,
Giue mine the benefit of signiory,
And let my woes frowne on the vpper-hand,
If sorrow can admit society.
Tell ouer your woes againe by vewing mine:
I had an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kild him.
I had a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kild him.
Thou hadst an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kild him.
Thou hadst a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kild him.

Dut. I had a *Richard* too, and thou didst kill him:
I had a *Rutland* too, and thou holpst to kill him:

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a *Clarence* too, till *Richard* kild him.
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept,

A hell-hound that doth hunt v
That Dog that had his teeth b
To worry Lambes, and lap thei
That foule defacer of Gods ha
Thy wombe let loose to chase
O vpright, iust, and true dispos
How do I thanke thee, for this
Preyes on the issue of his Moth
And make her pewfellow with

Dut. O *Harries* wife, triumph
God witnesse with me I haue w

Q. Mar. Beare with me, I am h
And now I cloy me with beho
Thy *Edward* he is dead, that st
Thy other *Edward* dead, to q
Young *Yorke*, he is but boote, b
Match not the high perfection
Thy *Clarence* he is dead, that
And the beholders of this tragi
The adulterate *Hastings*, *Rive*
Vntimely smothered in their d
Richard yet liues, hels blacke i
Onely reserued their factor to
And send them thither, but at
Ensues his pitious, and vnpitie
Earth gapes, hell burnes, fiends
To haue him suddenly conuey
Cancell his bonds of life dear
That I may liue to say, the Do

Qu. O thou didst prophesie
That I should wish for thee to
That botteld spider, that foule

Q. Mar. I cald thee then vai
I cald thee then poore shadow
The presentation of but what
The flattering index of a dir
One heau'd a high to be hurl'
A mother onely mockt with t
A dreame of which thou wert

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